

## **Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)**

### **#Chapter 13 - Read Love Drug (Summer and Fraser) Chapter 13**

Chapter 13 Afraid I'll Eat You?

At a bar, Xavier scrolled through his phone.

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Finished

A new video had surfaced-Peyton jumping into the pool, Trevor rushing to save her, and Summer getting discarded once again.

The group chat was already full of mindless jokes.

After watching, Xavier glanced at the man sitting on the sofa beside him.

Fraser was lounging lazily, one arm draped over the back of the couch, holding a nearly burnt-out cigarette between his long fingers. His gaze was indifferent, fixed on the chaotic dance floor.

Xavier thought for a moment before smirking.

"Fraser, I've got a video you might want to see."

Fraser barely glanced at him, his voice casual,

"Not interested in your gossip videos,"

"It's about your one-night stand."

"Summer?" Fraser's brow furrowed as he stubbed out his cigarette in the deep gray crystal ashtray. He reached over, grabbed Xavier's phone, and played the video.

As soon as he finished watching, his expression darkened.

He tossed the phone onto the table, grabbed his jacket, and strode out.

Xavier hadn't expected Fraser to react so quickly.

He called after him, "Fraser, you're leaving just like that? The real party hasn't even started."

Sure, Summer was pretty, but she was Trevor's fiancée. Was Fraser really about to make himself the other

man?

After dealing with Jasper and the others, Summer had the driver take her back to Brookhaven Estates.

When she arrived at the entrance, she stepped out of the car.

A light evening breeze swept over her, slightly sobering her up.

Just as she was about to walk into the complex, bright headlights suddenly

beamed straight at her from a distance, piercing through the darkness.

The intense glare forced her to lift a hand to shield her eyes. Peering through her fingers, she recognized

the sleek black Ferrari.

It looked familiar.

And in a neighborhood like hers, it was certainly out of place.

21:44 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 13 Afraid Ell Eat You?

Before she could react, the Ferrari let out a short, arrogant honk, shattering the silence of the night.

Summer blinked. Then, realization hit.

Fraser. Hy was he here? Was he looking for her?

Her eyes darted around, but she was the only person outside at this hour.

After a brief hesitation, she took small steps toward the car.

At the same time. Fraser opened the door and stepped out.

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He leaned lazily against the car, hands tucked in his pockets, his dark gaze fixed on the approaching woman

Summer stopped in front of him.

He

was dressed simply yet impeccably in a gray shirt. His tie was undone, and the top few buttons of his shirt were left open, revealing the cool, sharp lines of his collarbone. His sleeves were casually rolled up, exposing his forearms, where veins ran subtly beneath the skin.

Under the streetlight, shadows cast over his features, accentuating his deep-set eyes and chiseled jawline.

"Fraser, what are you doing here?"

Fraser's eyes lingered on her face, studying the curve of her nose, the shape of her lips.

After a moment, he reached into his pocket.

A crystal bracelet slipped through his fingers, the green stones shimmering under the soft glow of the streetlamp.

Summer's breath hitched.

This was the bracelet her grandmother had given her when she married into the Stewart family. It had been specially blessed for protection.

With everything that had happened, she hadn't even realized it was missing.

"You left this in my car," Fraser said.

"Thank you for bringing it back so late."

Summer reached out to take it, but Fraser smoothly lifted his hand higher.

His

He was nearly six foot three, while she barely reached five foot five. Even when she stood on her tiptoes, stretching as far as she could, she still couldn't reach.

Her fair face scrunched up in frustration.

After everything that had happened tonight, she wasn't exactly in the best mood.

Now, with Fraser teasing her like this, a bit of her temper surfaced.

"Mr. Graham, are you planning to keep my bracelet for yourself?"

Fraser smirked tilting her chin up with the hand holding the bracelet 21:44 Wed, 12 Mar  
NNN.

Chapter 13 Afraid I'll Eat You?

Her dark eyes were bright and sharp, carrying a hint of annoyance.

Good. She wasn't hurt. And she wasn't crying.

Summer's head was tilted up, forcing her to meet his deep, unreadable gaze.

Finished

His breath brushed against her skin-clean and crisp, tinged with the faintest trace  
of cigarette smoke.

For a moment, she was dazed.

Fraser's voice carried a hint of amusement.

"Summer, I came all this way to return your bracelet. Shouldn't you show some  
gratitude?"

"You could've called me... I would've come to pick it up," Summer muttered, then  
realized-they didn't even have each other's numbers.

She hesitated before asking. "How about I treat you to a meal? As a thank you."

Fraser raised an eyebrow.

"A meal? At this hour?"

His gaze lazily drifted down her body before he let out a soft chuckle.

"Is that all that's on your mind?"

Summer pursed her lips.

Of course, it wasn't just about food. She just didn't know how else to express her

gratitude.

Then what else should I do?"

Fraser lifted his chin slightly.

"Get in the car."

Summer hesitated at the door, unmoving.

Fraser's eyes darkened slightly, a smirk playing at his lips.

"What, are you afraid I'll eat you?"

His gaze swept over her from head to toe.

Tonight, she was wearing a black form-fitting dress, her silhouette accentuated in

all the right places. Her skin was pale against the dark fabric, her wavy hair cascading down her back like strands of midnight silk. She looked effortlessly seductive.

Fraser's voice dropped an octave.

"Mm. Well, I've already had a taste. And I have to say not bad at all."

The memory of that night flashed through Summer's mind-his touch, his kiss, his breath against her skin.

Her face burned instantly

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar

Chapter 13 Afraid I'll Eat You?

She reached up, instinctively touching her ear.

"L... I... it's too late. I should just head home."

For some reason, whenever she was around Fraser, she felt strangely on edge.

che

Maybe it was his overwhelming presence. Or maybe something else.

Fraser crossed his arms, looking down at her with a gaze so deep it was impossible to decipher

The corners of his lips curled slightly.

"Summer, if you want your bracelet, then get in the car. I won't say it twice"

Summer clenched her jaw.

She had no choice but to get into the passenger seat.

The sleek black Ferrari roared to life, slicing through the quiet night like a beast on the prowl.

Outside, neon lights blurred past the windows, streaks of color blending together in a mesmerizing blur.

Fraser was driving insanely fast-pushing close to a hundred miles per hour-but the ride was impossibly smooth.

Both hands on the wheel, his gaze remained sharp and steady, as if he had complete control over everything.

The city lights outside became the perfect backdrop for the man himself.

Summer had never been in a car moving this fast before.

Her fingers clenched around her seatbelt, palms beginning to sweat.

She couldn't help but speak up.

"Fraser..... I... I'm not in a hurry. Can we slow down a little?"

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Love Drug

19

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar N

## Chapter 14 Summer, You Ungrateful Little Traitor

Fraser glanced at the woman beside him.

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Her face had gone a little pale, her fingers clenching tightly onto the door handle, her body pressed against the car door as if she were trying to escape.

He was one of the world's top racers. His Ferrari had been custom-modified for speed and stability.

Xavier had nearly thrown up the last time he rode with him. Some people just didn't know how to enjoy the

thrill.

"Relax, my driving is fine.

Even as he said this, Fraser cased up on the speed just slightly.

Summer slowly adjusted to the pace. She still had no idea where Fraser was taking her.

She only noticed that the car had sped onto an empty overpass.

Fraser tapped his fingers against the steering wheel, his voice lazy.

"Summer, look outside."

She turned her head toward the window.

Beyond the high bridge, the vast, dark ocean stretched endlessly. Dim yellow streetlights cast a glow against the water, mirroring the twinkling stars in the sky. The sea looked like a massive, breathtaking celestial map. deep and boundless. Fraser pressed a button, and the Ferrari's convertible roof slowly retracted.

Now, they were racing through the night, wind whipping past them.

Fraser smirked, eyes gleaming mischievously.

"Summer, take it all in."

The moment the words left his mouth, the speedometer climbed back to 110 miles per hour.

The roar of the wind drowned out everything else.

There was nothing but the wild rush of air and the endless horizon ahead.

It was as if they were flying along the edge of the

It was reckless. Exhilarating.

city.

Summer's heartbeat pounded wildly, her body gradually relaxing. She could feel something inside her unraveling. A wide grin spread across her lips as she got lost in the moment.

The wind whipped through her hair, strands of it fluttering across Fraser's face.

He reached up to brush them away, his fingers grazing the silky strands.

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN

Chapter 14 Summer, You Ungrateful Little Traitor

amusement crossed Fraser's gaze.

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Finished

He twirled a strand of her hair between his fingers, bringing it close for a brief moment, inhaling its faint, lingering scent.

The Ferrari sped through winding mountain roads before finally stopping at the peak of the city's tallest hill.

Summer stepped out, legs slightly wobbly, but her entire body still buzzing with adrenaline.

Fraser, watching her, scooped her up without hesitation and carried her toward the open viewing platform.

Summer, caught off guard, blushed.

"You can put me down now."

Fraser lowered her gently, his fingers grazing her bare arm in the process. The fleeting touch sent an unexpected heat coursing through her veins.

He slid his hands into his pockets and stood beside her.



From this height, the city of Havenbrook lay sprawling beneath them, a sea of glittering lights against the dark canvas of the night.

The towering skyscrapers, dazzling billboards, and glowing streets seemed almost insignificant from up here.

Summer leaned against the railing, staring out at the view, slowly regaining her breath.

This was her first time experiencing such an intense thrill ride.

Now that it was over, she felt as if something within her had been set free.

Fraser walked over, pulled a bottle of water from the car, and twisted the cap open before handing it to her.

Summer turned to look at him, eyes twinkling.

"Do you have alcohol?"

She hadn't meant to ask, but in this moment, she craved something stronger. She wanted to keep this feeling alive just a little longer.

Fraser gave her an unimpressed look.

"You think I run a convenience store?"

So he didn't have any.

Summer sighed in mild disappointment and reached for the water.

But just then, Fraser turned back to the car, rummaged for a moment, and pulled out a can of beer. He popped it open and handed it to her.

Summer's smile brightened instantly.

"Thanks."

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 14 Summer. You Ungrateful Little Traitor

She took a long swig

The cold bitterness slid down her throat, sending a shiver through her body,

Fraser raised an eyebrow

"Feel better?"

Summer downed the rest of the beer in one go before grinning

That was amazing"

Fraver looked at her, deep eyes reflecting the city lights

Finished-

The gloom that had been lingering in her eyes earlier was gone. Now, there was only a carefree brightness.

He took a sip of the untouched water in his hand.

"A little thrill can be good for you.

Summer turned her head slightly, gazing at the man beside her.

He was tall, his presence commanding even in silence.

There was a rawness to him-a blend of sophistication and untamed wildness.

Unlike her.

She had always been caged by expectations and responsibilities.

She had no idea why he'd brought her here tonight.

But she was glad he did.

"Fraser, thank you," she said sincerely.

Tonight was the first time I've ever let loose like this."

Fraser smirked.

"Are you thanking me with another dinner invitation?"

Summer smiled faintly and murmured, "Not dinner." The night was still and quiet, but her heartbeat raced.

Maybe it was the leftover adrenaline, or maybe it was something else.

Feeling self-conscious, she quickly turned away, focusing on the city below.

The entire city lay beneath her feet, its countless lights twinkling like a magnificent, sprawling crystal kingdom.

Summer couldn't help but blurt out. "This place is beautiful. Can I yell?"

Fraser glanced at her flicked fire smug

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 14 Summer, You Ungrateful Little Traitor

"What are you going to yell? Like a lost puppy!

Summer's ears burned red.

Finished

"I meant like in the movies. Where people stand on a mountaintop and just scream to let everything out. You've never tried it?"

Fraser gave a lazy shrug.

"Never had the need."

Because he always dealt with things before they had a chance to weigh him down.

Summer stared at him for a long moment.

She envied that

She envied that he had never had to endure the kind of humiliation and pain she had.

Then again, why would he?

He was born at the top. He had never lacked anything.

What could possibly trouble him?

Fraser suddenly looked down at her, his deep gaze locking onto hers.

The summer night sky stretched above them, dotted with countless stars.

He scoffed softly.

"If you want to yell, then do it. Don't just stand there staring at me like that."

The way she looked at him-like he had wronged her somehow-was amusing. Summer, emboldened by the alcohol, took a deep breath.

She cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted toward the city below.

"Trevor, go to hell!"

Fraser's brow furrowed slightly.

"And Peyton, and Margaret-you both can go to hell too!"

She laughed breathlessly after yelling, looking lighter than she had in a long time.

After a moment, Fraser raised an eyebrow.

"That's it? Nothing else?"

Summer shook her head.

"I'm done."

For some reason Pencar's aversion deepened

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar N

Chapter 14 Summer. You Ungrateful Little Traitor

He had brought her here, let her vent, and she still wasted her time on some other man?

He let out a quiet, cold chuckle.

Summer thought he might want to try yelling too.

Encouragingly, she said, "You should give it a try. It feels great."

Fraser reached out and ruffled her hair, the motion slow and natural.

Summer blinked in surprise.

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Finished-

Then, in the next second, Fraser leaned back and shouted into the night sky-his voice deep, magnetic, and utterly commanding.

"Summer! You ungrateful little traitor!"

Summer was speechless.

Chapter 15 Did You Really Mean It When You Asked to Be My Woman?

Fraser arched an eyebrow, his tone unreadable. "Not bad."

Summer swore to herself she would never, ever shout like that in front of Fraser again.

Just as she was about to ask why he called her an ungrateful traitor, a streak of vibrant colors flashed across the deep night sky.

A meteor shower.

Summer's eyes widened in delight, her long lashes fluttering in excitement. She had seen shooting stars. before, but never an entire shower like this.

"It's a meteor shower, Fraser! Look!"

She grabbed his arm and shook it enthusiastically.

Fraser looked down, following the delicate fingers on his arm up to the woman's face.

Summer was gazing up at the sky, completely mesmerized. A few loose strands of dark hair framed her face, her bright eyes reflecting the stars above. She looked even more dazzling than the meteors streaking across the sky.

Fraser's throat bobbed slightly, his gaze darkening.

"It's beautiful. Let's make a wish!"

Summer quickly let go of his arm and clasped her hands together under her chin, whispering a silent wish.

The warmth that had lingered on Fraser's arm disappeared instantly.

His brows furrowed.

When she finished, she turned back and caught his gaze, suddenly feeling a little embarrassed.

"Uh... it's just my first time seeing a meteor shower, so I just... instinctively made a wish. You know, like in movies."

Fraser smirked lazily. "If wishing actually worked, the universe would've burned itself out trying to grant them all."

Summer deflated instantly.

"Wow, thanks for that," she muttered, shoulders slumping.

Fraser watched as the light in her eyes dimmed. It was oddly annoying.

Sure, he thought wishing on meteors was ridiculous. But seeing her so genuinely excited a moment ago had been far more pleasant than watching her sulk now.

He clicked his tongue, then said casually, "Since the universe is too busy, I'll grant you one wish instead."

Summer blinked, caught off guard. "Why?"

Chapter 15 Did You Really Mean It When You Asked to Be My Woman?

He added nonchalantly, "Or you can pass. Up to you."

"No, no. I'll take it!" Summer blurted out before he could take it back.

This was Havenbrook's Bossman offering a favor-she wasn't stupid enough to refuse.

Fraser raised a brow. "What do you want?"

Finished-

Summer hesitated for a moment. Her heartbeat pounded in her ears. Then, she shut her eyes and blurted out. "Did you really mean it when you asked me to be your woman?"

Silence stretched between them.

Summer slowly opened her eyes and found herself staring into Fraser's deep, unreadable gaze.

He tilted his head slightly, then said with a lazy smirk, "No."

"Oh." Summer muttered. She had expected the rejection, but it still stung a little.

It was a stupid impulse. Probably the alcohol. Or the rush from the drive.

Or maybe it was Jasper's words still echoing in her head-only if she found someone better than Trevor could she avoid that marriage.

But Fraser was... Fraser. He belonged to the highest echelon of society, untouchable.

Why would he take her seriously just because they'd had a one-night stand?

Summer lowered her eyes, feeling ridiculous. "Forget I said anything."

Fraser clicked his tongue in irritation.

"If you want to be my woman, I expect her to be clean."

Summer frowned. "I am clean. You know that."

The second the words left her mouth, she wanted to slap herself.

What the hell was she saying?

Fraser's gaze darkened slightly. He smirked as he suddenly pulled her close, an arm slipping around her waist, pressing her against him.

His lips brushed against her ear.

"Your body, I know, is clean. But I need your heart to be, too."

Summer froze.

Fraser's voice dropped lower, rich and smooth. "If you really want to be my woman, ask me again-when you're sober."

His breath was warm against her ear, sending a strange, tingling sensation through her chest.

For a moment, her heart stopped.

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar

Chapter 15 Did You Really Mean It When You Asked to Be My Woman?

Bobby and Caleb entered the VIP suite to find Trevor downing one drink after another.

Finished

Bobby nudged Caleb.

What's with him this time?

Bobby strolled over, grinning. "Trevor, man, you're hitting that bottle pretty hard." Trevor ignored him. His mind kept replaying Summer's last words: We're done.

And the breakup text on his phone.

Summer never acted like this before.

She was the one who always came running back first.

Even if he took hours-or-even days-to reply, she would wait.

This time, though, she hadn't waited.

Tonight, he had actually been prepared to back down first.

And then she pulled that stunt with Peyton.

It pissed him off.

All this over a fake wedding?

Trevor scoffed, swirling the liquor in his glass.

"She threw a tantrum, staged a kidnapping, played the silent treatment, and then nearly drowned Peyton. I already told her I'd give her an even bigger wedding- what else does she want?"

Caleb reached over and stopped Trevor from pouring another drink.

"Trevor, we all heard what happened tonight. Summer might've taken things too far, but let's be real-you should've never agreed to that wedding for Peyton in the first place. And then you carried her off in front of everyone. You don't think that embarrassed Summer? Maybe try sending her a message. Apologize a little." Trevor leaned back against the couch, tilting his head up. His expression remained cold and indifferent.

Fine.

If Summer showed up at Black Ace tonight to apologize, he would let this slide.



He picked up his phone, opened their WhatsApp chat, and typed a message.

The moment he hit send, a big red exclamation mark popped up..

She had blocked him.

Trevor let out a low, humorless chuckle.

Summer, you've got some nerve.

His grin on his home rightened knuckles turning white Then without a word

henced it onto the rable

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN

Chapter 15 Did You Really Mean It When You Asked to the My Woman?

and downed another drink.

Bobby sprawded back on the couch, sipping his own drink leisurely.

Finished

"Trevor, you're making this roo complicated. Women need discipline. Just let her cool off. You ignore her long enough, and she always comes crawling back in the end

Caleb smacked the back of Bobby's head. "You idiot. What if this time she doesn't?"

Bobby scoffed.

"Please Summer's been obsessed with Trevor for five years. She's not going anywhere. Jasper won't let her, either. And let's be real-Trevor could have any woman he wants. Summer should just be grateful and stop causing trouble.

Trevor's eyes burned red from the alcohol.

Yeah.

Summer wouldn't actually leave him.

It wasn't like he couldn't live without her.

But the idea of looking back and not seeing her there-

That pissed him off even more.

Especially when he thought of how coldly she had looked at him tonight.

It left a suffocating, nagging feeling in his chest.

Caleb sighed, rubbing his temples. "Should I just call her?"

Chapter 16 Even If He Dies, I'll Just Call 911!

Trevor didn't respond, but his silence was enough of an answer.

49 Finished-

Caleb had always preferred Summer over Peyton. Over the years, he had seen firsthand how much she had done for Trevor-how much she had loved him. But every time Peyton played the weak, helpless card, Trevor never pushed her away. Maybe it was because Summer's unconditional love had spoiled him.

Caleb believed Trevor actually loved Summer more than he even realized. He had just grown too used to

her.

Caleb pulled out his phone, opened WhatsApp, and called Summer,

The dial tone rang.

Summer lay in bed, absentmindedly rubbing the crystal bracelet in her fingers.

She had expected to be kept up all night, haunted by the image of Trevor carrying Peyton away. Or maybe she thought she'd be replaying Jasper and Julia's impatient, disdainful expressions. Or even the whispers and mocking looks from the socialites who loved nothing more than to gossip.

But instead, her mind kept drifting back to the rush of wind, the neon blur of the city flashing past her, the breathtaking skyline, and Fraser's deep, teasing gaze.

Suddenly, her phone rang. A voice call from Caleb.

She hesitated for a moment before picking up. "Hello?"

On the other end of the line, Trevor's hand holding his drink froze midair. His gaze flicked toward Caleb's -phone.

Bobby had been about to speak, but after one sharp glare from Trevor, he shut his mouth immediately.

Caleb cleared his throat. "Summer, uh. Trevor drank a little too much. Do you want to come pick him up?"

Then, after a long pause, her voice came through, indifferent. "I'm busy. Call his assistant Andrew. Or better yet, call Peyton. I'm sure she'd be thrilled to pick him up."

Trevor's expression instantly darkened.

The temperature around them seemed to plummet. Even Caleb and Bobby felt the chill in the air.

Caleb awkwardly pressed on. "He's got a migraine. It's really bad. You know how to help with it. You should

A cold laugh interrupted him.

"Am I his maid? He gets sick, and you throw him at me. But when he's fine, he runs straight to Peyton. What do I look like to you?"

Then, she added flatly, "I'm guessing Trevor is right there listening. Tell him this- we're done. Even if he drops dead, the most I'll do is call 911."

The line went dead.

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 16 Even If He Dies, I'll Just Call 911!

Trevor's expression was ice cold, his eyes brewing with something dark and unreadable.

49 Finished-

"F\*ck!" Bobby snapped. Does that woman even hear herself? Talking about breaking up like it's nothing? Trevor was doing her a favor by even being with her! Does she even know her worth? I say, let her cool off. If she doesn't come begging for forgiveness, then you should just leave her. See how fast she regrets it!"

"Shut up." Trevor said icily,

Bobby tensed but tried again "Trevor, I'm just saying-

Trevor stood abruptly, his movements slightly unsteady from the alcohol. He clenched his jaw. "If you really want to help me, Bobby, then shut the hell up."

Caleb hesitated, then stayed silent.

But deep down, he had a bad feeling.

Summer wasn't bluffing this time. And Trevor was going to regret this, Summer woke up feeling refreshed.

She did her makeup carefully, then picked a nude silk blouse and a sleek gray pencil skirt. The outfit was sophisticated yet elegant, making her look effortlessly polished.

She headed to Stewart Group for work.

When she had been brought back to the Stewart family, her grandmother had insisted she be given a place in the company. At the time, Summer had agreed, hoping to rebuild a relationship with her family.

Three years ago, she had joined under an anonymous identity and worked her way up to brand manager purely on her own merit.

As she arrived at the office, her assistant, Quinn, greeted her at the door.

"Ms. Stewart, the chairman wants to see you."

Summer nodded and made her way up to the top floor of the 27-story building, where Jasper's office was.

She knocked.

"Come in," came his deep, authoritative voice.

She pushed open the door.

Jasper sat behind his large marble desk, his presence as imposing as ever.

Without looking up, he tossed a file onto the desk. "Stewart Group's global expansion project got a bank loan of only 250 million dollars. We still need 500 million. Go talk to Trevor. Get him to help."

Summer picked up the file and skimmed it.

The project was Jasper's passion, something he had poured years of effort into.

Even Harvey had been sent to Ardonia for a year just to work on it.

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 16 Even If He Dies, I'll Just Call 911!

Summer herself had done plenty of research on it. Everything was set-except the funding.

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She set the file down. "Mr. Stewart, I've broken up with Trevor. I won't ask him for anything. And even if I did, he wouldn't necessarily help."

Jasper's expression darkened. He stood, exuding a strong sense of authority.

"That's just what you're saying. The Larson family hasn't announced any engagement withdrawal." He continued, his tone coaxing. "Summer, I know you're upset about Peyton. But if you get Trevor to invest, I'll give you 10% of Stewart Group's shares. Even your brother Harvey only has 5%. Margaret has none." Summer laughed coldly.

Jasper really was willing to go a

1. in.

It was a tempting offer. But she wasn't about to grovel to Trevor just for it.

She met Jasper's gaze, her voice steady. "Mr. Stewart, breaking off an engagement doesn't require both parties to agree. I—"

The office door suddenly burst open.

Margaret stormed in, her heels clicking against the floor. She tossed her Hermes

bag onto the couch. "Dad, did I just hear

something about 10% of Stewart Group's shares? Does that mean whoever gets the investment

gets the shares?"

Jasper frowned. "You should knock before entering."

Margaret had overheard the conversation from outside.

She wasn't about to let Summer take those shares.

"Sorry, Dad, I was just excited!" she said, quickly changing her tone. "If Summer won't go ask Trevor, then she obviously won't get the investment. But I have a way to secure the funding.

Jasper narrowed his eyes. "Margaret, don't mess around. This isn't a small family matter-it's the company's

future."

But Margaret wasn't backing down.

10% of Stewart Group's shares. That meant annual dividends. That meant financial security. Even if the Stewart family ever abandoned her, she'd have an independent source of wealth.

Her eyes darted cunningly.

And if Summer and Trevor were on bad terms, this was the perfect opportunity for her to step in.

She rushed over and clung to Jasper's arm.

"Dad, I'm about to graduate! I studied fine arts, sure, but I've decided-I don't want to be an artist. I want to work for Stewart Group. Getting the investment will just be my first contribution to the family! And once I'm officially in, you can give me a managerial or director position."

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN

Love Drug

Chap

Chapter 17 Margaret Wants to Take Stewart Family's Wealth

Jasper frowned. "You studied fine arts. That has nothing to do with Stewart Group."

Finished

Margaret had chosen to study art because she thought she was the real daughter of the Stewart family. She never had to worry about her future.

But now, things were different.

She wasn't Jasper and Julia's biological daughter. Every month, she burned through hundreds of thousands in allowance from Julia, never able to save a dime. If she had to rely on her paintings to make a living, she'd starve to death.

If she wanted to secure more of the Stewart family's assets, she had to get into Stewart Group.

"Dad, I'm smart. I don't need to do art anymore. Look, you need investment, and Summer is acting all high and mighty, refusing to ask Trevor for help. What's going to happen to your big global project then?"

Margaret paused for a second before flashing a sly smile. "I know someone from Graham Group-Mr. Graham. I can help you!"

Jasper's eyes widened in shock. "You know Mr. Graham? The Mr. Graham-Havenbrook's Bossman? The richest man in the city?"

Summer also turned to look at Margaret.

Fraser and Margaret knew each other?

Margaret felt a little guilty. She had only seen Fraser from a distance at a high- society event once. He had -been surrounded by people, and when she tried to approach, his security stopped her.

But she was friends with Xylia Jackson, one of Fraser's assistants.

If she asked Xylia to set up a meeting, it should be easy enough.

And once she got the chance, she would use her beauty to win Fraser over. Then securing the investment would be simple.

She stiffly forced a smile. "Of course. We've even had dinner together."

Jasper's expression turned excited. "Margaret, if you really know Mr. Graham, why didn't you say so earlier? A man of his status-you should've introduced me to him!"

Margaret flipped her hair casually. "Dad, do you think Fraser is someone you can just meet whenever y want? His time is precious. I was lucky to have a chance to dine with him."

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Graham Group had over a hundred years of foundation, even more powerful than the Larson family. Their assets exceeded tens of billions.

And Fraser was their sole heir. That was why he held the title of Havenbrook's Bossman.

Jasper glanced at Summer.

She kept talking about breaking up with Trevor. Would she actually end things? He wasn't sure.

21:45 Wed, 12 Mar NNN

Chapter 17 Margaret Wants to Take Stewart Family's Wealth

Then, even without the Larson family's help, Stewart Group would be just fine.

53%

Finished

Forget just his global expansion project. If he played his cards right, he could push the Stewart family even higher.

Jasper's face finally relaxed. "Alright then. Summer and Margaret-you two will compete. Whoever brings in the investment gets 10% of Stewart Group's shares,"

Summer glanced at Margaret, who was standing beside her, dressed to impress. "You really know Fraser?"

Margaret crossed her arms, her Hermes Birkin bag swinging from her elbow as she let out a haughty snort.

"What, you don't believe me? You have Trevor, but I can't have Fraser?"

She smirked. "Listen up, Summer. I'm going to be Fraser's woman. Twenty years ago, you were beneath me. And twenty years later, you'll still be my loser."

Suddenly, as if remembering something. Margaret burst into laughter.

"How was last night? Getting dumped again? Watching Peyton win? You're once again the laughingstock of the entire city. If I were you, I'd be too ashamed to even step outside."

Summer's eyes turned cold. Her gaze sharpened. "You invited Peyton to the banquet last night."

Margaret smirked. "That's right. Aren't I so kind? I helped you see the truth-your beloved Trevor only has eyes for Peyton."



Summer's lips curled in a mocking sneer. She clenched her hands into fists at her sides. "Then tell me was the kidnapping your doing too?"

"Kidnapping?" Margaret scoffed. "Summer, have you lost your mind? Are you seriously trying to use a fake kidnapping to gain sympathy from Dad and Mom? Don't waste your time. Even if you really were kidnapped, they wouldn't care."

Summer studied Margaret's arrogant expression.

It didn't look like she was lying.

Margaret cared too much about being the Stewart family's daughter. She was obsessed with monopolizing Jasper and Julia's love. If she had set up the kidnapping, it would mean she was risking her status.

That didn't seem like something she would do.

Suddenly, with a chime, the elevator doors slid open.

A few employees walked out.

Seeing Summer and Margaret standing at the entrance-one calm, the other radiating hostility-they quickly averted their gazes and hurried past.

Nobody wanted to get caught in the crossfire.

Summer lowered her lashes slightly and shifted her arm just so.

One of the male employees was holding a steaming cup of coffee.

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 17 Margaret Wants to Take Stewart Family's Wealth

With Summer's subtle movement, his arm was nudged forward.

The hot coffee splashed out-spilling directly onto Margaret.

53

Finished

Margaret had worn a bright pink Chanel suit today. Now, a large brown stain spread across the fabric like ant ugly ink blot.

Margaret shrieked, frantically grabbing tissues to clean it off. "Are you blind? Do

you know who I am? Spilling coffee on me-do you want to be fired?"

The male employee paled. He had no idea what had just happened. He

stammered, 'I-I'm so sorry, Ms. Margaret. It was an accident.'

Summer chuckled. "It's not that he wasn't watching where he was going-it's that

he simply couldn't see certain creatures. Alright, you can go now."

The man hesitated, then bolted as fast as he could.

Now, it was just the two of them again.

Margaret clenched her jaw. "You did that on purpose!"

Summer's lips curled slightly. "Which eye of yours saw that? Lewis just had an accident. You shouldn't be so petty. This is Stewart Group, not your house. Dad wouldn't like it if you made a scene."

Margaret was furious.

Looking down at her ruined outfit, the humiliation of last night flashed through her mind. Rage boiled over. She lifted her hand, ready to slap Summer across the

face.

But just as her arm swung up, Summer caught her wrist midair.

Without hesitation, she yanked Margaret forward, dragging her straight toward the stairwell.

Margaret shrieked, struggling. "Ah! What are you doing? Summer, let go of me!"

Summer ignored her and didn't stop until they reached the stairwell. Then, she shoved Margaret away.

Margaret stumbled backward, slamming into the wall with a painful thud.

She clutched her chest. "What do you think you're doing? You b\*tch! Summer, this is Stewart Group! If you touch me, I'll tell Mom and Dad!"

Summer laughed coldly. "Oh, I don't plan on doing anything. I just think your mouth is filthy. That coffee only cleaned your clothes. Your mouth needs a wash

too."

She glanced at the trash can nearby. Inside was a cup of expired milk tea, half- full and already curdling.

Summer's lips curled into a wicked smirk.

Margaret wasn't expecting it at all.

Summer grabbed the cup and flung it at her.

The sour, rotting liquid splattered all over Margaret's perfectly styled hair, her makeup, her jewelry- soaking her completely.

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar

Chapter 17 Margaret Wants to Take Stewart Family's Wealth

A sharp, car-piercing scream shattered the silence of the office floor.

Margaret

stood there, dripping, her once-pristine suit stained, her hair reeking of spoiled milk.

Summer shot her a bored glance, wiped her hands off, and walked away without a care.

Margaret's eyes turned red with rage.

With a furious howl, she lunged forward-ready to kill her.

Finished

As soon as Summer stepped out of the hallway, she saw Jasper walking out of his office with a few secretaries and senior executives.

They had all heard Margaret's scream and came out to see what was going on.

Summer glanced at Margaret behind her.

She was clenching her fists, looking furious, ready to charge at her.

An idea flashed through Summer's mind. She raised an eyebrow, quickly put on a frightened look, and darted behind Jasper.

"Dad. Dad! Margaret's acting crazy! She suddenly tried to hit me-please save me!"

-You bitch, Summer! Don't run! I'm going to ruin that face of yours today!"

Margaret had been running too fast. As soon as she rushed out of the stairwell, she didn't even have time to stop when she saw the crowd.

Jasper cared about his reputation. Seeing Margaret drenched, reeking, and acting out of control, his face darkened.

"Margaret, have you made enough of a scene?" he snapped.

Margaret's anger boiled even hotter when she saw Summer hiding behind Jasper, pretending to be weak.

She took a deep breath, pointed at Summer, and shouted, "Dad! I'm not making a scene! Summer spilled coffee all over me first, and then she-she took milk tea from the trash can-

Summer interrupted her, her tone soft. "That's not how it happened. Lewis was holding the coffee, but his hand slipped a little, and a tiny bit spilled on Margaret. She got upset and thought I told him to do it on purpose. Then she tried to throw milk tea at me, but I dodged, and it ended up spilling all over her instead."

Lewis stood nearby, head down, carefully adding, "Mr. Stewart, I really didn't mean to spill coffee on Ms. Margaret

"Summer, you're lying! You're making things up! Dad, don't believe her! It was clearly-

Jasper's face turned even darker as more and more people gathered around to watch. "Enough! Have you caused enough trouble yet? Margaret, this is a company. Watch your behavior. If you keep this up, I'll have your mother cut off your allowance."

The moment she heard that, her face paled.

No more allowance? That meant no more Hermes bags, no more Chanel clothes, and no more shopping sprees at Belvare.

Margaret clenched her teeth, unwilling but afraid Jasper would really go through with it. She swallowed her anger and forced out, "Dad, I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

Summer stood to the side, smirking. Oh, you know how to put on an act? Well, so do I.

"Dad, I won't hold it against Margaret," she said sweetly. "What really matters right now is securing the

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar NI

Chapter 18 If Summer Keeps This Up, He Might Really Drop Her

Jasper's mood improved at that. The company's affairs were his top priority.

4 Finished

These little fights between his daughters weren't a big deal, as long as they didn't go overboard in public.

"Both of you need to focus on securing that investment," he said. "Whoever gets it will receive ten percent. of the Stewart family's shares-and I'll prioritize their future."

With that, Jasper walked off with the executives for their meeting.

Everyone else quietly returned to their offices.

As Summer walked past Margaret, she gave her a once-over, wrinkled her nose, and deliberately waved a hand in front of her face.

"Margaret, you stink. If I were you, I wouldn't even show my face."

She threw Margaret's own words right back at her, then walked away without looking back.

Margaret's eyes burned with fury. She gritted her teeth and flung her Hermès bag to the ground.

"Summer, just wait. Once I secure that investment, I'll rip that smug mouth of yours apart."

At Larson Group, Trevor tossed his suit jacket onto the couch and told Andrew to call the CFO, Yannick, to his office.

Less than ten minutes later, Yannick stood before Trevor's desk. He glanced at Andrew, silently asking what this was about.

Andrew shrugged. He had no idea either.

Trevor leaned back in his chair, his cold, unreadable expression making the entire room feel tense. After a moment, he finally spoke.

"Prepare six hundred million in budget funds."

Yannick hesitated, then carefully reminded him, "Mr. Larson, our Southmere project currently requires a significant amount of cash flow. I'm afraid six hundred million is-

Trevor shot him a cold glance. "Do I need your approval to use my own money?" A chill ran down Yannick's spine. He swallowed and quickly explained, "It's not that we don't have the funds. sir. It's just that Southmere's development zone Trevor had been in a foul mood these past few days, and his patience was running thin.

"I'm your boss. Your job is to solve problems, not create them. Understood?" Yannick nodded hastily. "Understood, Mr. Larson. When do you need the funds ready?"

Trevor tapped his fingers on the desk twice. "Within this week."

"Understood. I'll make the preparations immediately."

After Yannick left, Andrew couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Larson, what's the money for?"

It wasn't a small sum.

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar NN

Chapter 18 If Summer Keeps This Up. He Might Really Drop Her

And Southmere was one of Larson Group's key projects this year.

If Trevor was diverting money from it, it had to be for something important.

Andrew had been by Trevor's side for years. He was one of the few who truly understood him.

Finished:

Trevor's voice carried a faint trace of irritation. "Stewart Group still needs funding for their Global Project. Summer will come begging me soon.

Andrew was surprised. This is about Ms. Stewart?

Trevor and Summer had been together for five years. Summer had never stayed cold toward him for more than a week. It was already approaching two weeks-this was serious

Trevor let out a mocking chuckle. "Women always play these little games. Breaking up, blocking numbers- just to get a man's attention."

Last night, Summer hadn't come to the bar to pick him up like she usually would.

Trevor figured she was just using a more advanced tactic this time-trying to get him to care, to compromise.

Andrew thought to himself. This isn't playing games. What woman wouldn't be upset if her fiancé kept siding with another woman? Summer's already put up with this for too long.

But he didn't dare say that out loud.

Andrew forced a smile and cautiously said, "I'm not sure, sir. Ms. Stewart doesn't seem like the type to play games."

"She doesn't?" Trevor's gaze turned cold. "She's been throwing tantrums a lot lately. Even said she doesn't want to get married anymore. She used to be so gentle, and now she's completely different."

Andrew hesitated, "Mr. Larson... do you really want to marry Ms. Stewart?" Trevor's tone was icy. "Did I ever say I wanted to break up?"

Andrew rubbed the back of his neck. "It's just... everyone thinks you treat Ms. Smith better than Ms. Stewart.

Even the company employees were betting that he'd end up marrying Peyton. Trevor's eyes darkened. "Peyton is gentle. She's fragile. Given her health, I have a responsibility to take care

of her."

Andrew hesitated before asking, "And Ms. Stewart?"

"She's my fiancée. If I didn't like her, why would I marry her?"

Trevor's voice cooled. "But when she throws a fit, she's really annoying.

He clearly didn't want to continue the conversation.

He had no patience for a woman's emotions. To him, the most important thing in a girlfriend—or a wife- was stability, understanding, and consideration.

Finished-

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar NNN

## Chapter 18 If Summer Keeps This Up. He Might Really Drop Her

If Summer kept this up, he might really drop her.

"Remember, if she comes looking for me these next few days, let her up to my office immediately.

Then he added, "By the way, has the Belvare wedding dress designer arrived?" Andrew frowned. "Didn't you cancel that?"

Trevor gave him a cold smile. "Andrew, do I have to teach you that a canceled appointment can be rescheduled?"

Andrew was speechless.

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## Chapter 19 Margaret Seeks Out Fraser

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Summer sat in her office, pressing a pen against her forehead as she gazed out the window in deep thought.

The Stewart Group's Global Project required a \$500 million investment.

She knew Margaret would stop at nothing to secure it.

After all, that 10% stake in the Stewart family business meant annual dividends in the millions-long-term wealth that could sustain someone for a lifetime.

Summer never used to care about money.

What she truly longed for was family.

Growing up, her adoptive mother, Yolanda, had treated her horribly. For twenty years, it was a relentless cycle of emotional manipulation, silent treatment, and outright abuse.

If she got good grades, Yolanda was unhappy. If she had close friends, Yolanda was unhappy. Even something as simple as Summer smiling felt like a crime.

For the longest time, Summer couldn't understand why Yolanda hated her so much, why she seemed to want her to fail.



There was no love in Yolanda's eyes-only coldness, disgust.

Later, Summer found out the truth.

Yolanda was the mastermind behind the baby swap.

She had never wanted to raise Summer. The moment she got her hands on Margaret, she had abandoned Summer at a hospital dumpster.

But when the fear of being exposed crept in, she was forced to take Summer back-just to keep the secret. buried.

Yet she had been terrified that Summer would outshine her own daughter. So, she did everything she could.

to break her.

That was the childhood Summer had endured.

When she was finally brought back to the Stewart family, she longed for Jasper and Julia's approval- yearned for Harvey to acknowledge her as his sister.

But unfortunately, to them, Margaret was the only daughter. The only sister.

She had spent three years swallowing her pride, trying to earn their love.

She had gotten nothing in return.

Then came the kidnapping.

And suddenly, everything became clear.

No matter what she did, no matter how much she humbled herself, love was not something she could beg

12 MOT

Chapter 19 Margaret Seeks Out Fraser

If they would never love her, then fine.

She would get something else instead.

Money

A lot of it.

Her own wealth-untouchable and undeniable.

But for now, she had to figure out how to secure this \$500 million investment.

Finished:

In Havenbrook, only two companies had the resources for it-the Larson Group and the Graham Group.

Would she really have to lower herself and beg Trevor?

She refused to return to the days of begging for love.

That left only one option-Fraser,

Her mind flashed back to that night.

Fraser had promised her a favor.

He hadn't agreed to make her his woman. Which meant she hadn't used her wish yet.

That favor was still hers to claim.

At the Graham Group, Fraser sat casually at the head of the conference room.

His sharp, neatly trimmed hair framed a flawlessly handsome face. A pair of black-rimmed glasses rested on his nose, and the slight curve of his lips gave him a look that was both refined and dangerously cunning.

The massive conference room was filled with department heads presenting their quarterly reports.

The finance team spoke first. "Last quarter, one of our subsidiaries completed its Series D funding, bringing its assets up to \$4 billion."

A round of applause followed.

"And that's just one of our subsidiaries. Under Mr. Graham's leadership, the Graham Group's profits have multiplied several times over in the past few years. Next quarter, two more subsidiaries will enter another round of financing."

When the finance report concluded, all eyes turned to Fraser.

To them, he was a once-in-a-generation business genius.

Before taking over the Graham Group, Fraser had already built a business empire from scratch right after

graduating from Haverford University in Ameros.

Three years ago, he returned home and officially took the reins of the family business.

At first the company's veteran hoard members had doubted him

Chapter 19 Margaret Seph Out Fraser

That was until Frases proved himself ruthless, decisive, fearless

One bold move after another, he led the Graham Group to new heights.

By then, no one could question his abilities

At just 27 years old, he had turned an already donmant company into a global powerhouse

Still, it was no surprise the board members had initially underestimated him.

Fraser had an air of effortless confidence-wild, untamed, and sharp.

He wasn't the stereotypical cold, stern CRO,

He looked more like an elite male model from the entertainment industry than a ruthless business tycoon.

Fraser nodded in approval at the numbers. His leadership style was always clear-rewards for success, consequences for failure.

"This year, everyone's year-end bonuses will be doubled."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham!"

"Thank you, Mr. Graham!"

"We'll reconvene for another meeting once the second-half investment plans are finalized. Dismissed."

The executives left the conference room in high spirits.

Fraser was just about to return to his office when his assistant, Xylia, approached.

She took one look at him-tall, broad-shouldered, with one hand casually tucked

in his pocket-and felt her face heat up, even though she had a boyfriend. Fraser was one of those people born with everything.

Even when he was just standing there, his looks and presence naturally drew attention..

If she didn't know better, if she weren't aware of the massive gap between them, she might have entertained. the thought of trying to get closer to him.

After all, she wasn't just any assistant-she was the daughter of the Jackson family.

It had taken her a lot of effort to land this position.

Pushing those thoughts aside, she kept her tone professional. "Mr. Graham, a Stewart family daughter is here to see you."

Summer?

So, she had come to her senses this quickly?

A hint of amusement flickered in Fraser's eyes.

"Send her straight to my office."

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar N

Chapter 19 Margaret Seeks Out Fraser

Finished

Fraser glanced at her lazily. His tone was indifferent. "Do I need to say it again?"

Nylia immediately waved her hands. "No, no need!"

She couldn't really be blamed for her shock.

Everyone at the company knew Fraser rarely met clients in his personal office.

While most CEOs had walls lined with books, Fraser's office was decorated with model cars.

He had a golf set by the floor-to-ceiling windows, along with boxing equipment and other sports gear.

His office even had a private room for him to rest.

That was why there was a separate, more formal meeting room nearby-used for regular client meetings.

Margaret?

Could she know Fraser?

Margaret had given her several limited-edition Hermès bags as a favor.

Xylia quickly buried her thoughts and called the front desk.

A few minutes later, Margaret arrived-wearing a Chanel haute couture dress and towering stilettos-as she took the elevator up to the 99th floor.

Xylia led her to the CEO's office.

"Xylia, I owe you for this. Don't worry-if I get the investment, I'll make sure to thank you properly."

Xylia cleared her throat awkwardly and gestured toward the door. "Hurry up and go in. Mr. Graham is expecting you. Make the most of it."

Margaret knocked.

A lazy, sultry voice came from inside.

"Come in."

Her heart skipped a beat.

She had only seen Fraser's silhouette from a distance before.

But his image had haunted her dreams ever since.

He was so handsome it made her want to scream.

Not just handsome.

Rich. Powerful. Charismatic,

A perfect match for her.

Finished:

Taking a deep breath, she turned the doorknob, her heels clicking against the floor as she stepped inside.

"Mr. Graham, nice to meet you."

21:46 Wed, 12 Mar NNI

Chapter 19 Margaret Seeks Out Fraser

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Chapter 20 Pudding, Your Mom Has No Heart

Fraser had just finished signing his name on a document when he heard a voice.

Looking up, he saw that the woman standing in front of him was not Summer Stewart.

His brows furrowed. His voice dropped, laced with cold impatience.

"Who are you?"

Finished.

Margaret had been brimming with excitement at the thought of meeting Fraser in person. But the moment he lifted his head, she was completely stunned.

This man-his pale skin, deep-set eyes, straight nose, sharply defined features... His gaze was narrow and piercing, his lips thin yet sensual.

And today, he wore a simple gray dress shirt with the top two buttons undone, his sleeves casually rolled up, revealing perfectly toned arms.

As he moved, faint blue veins became visible beneath his skin, exuding an effortless sense of power.

Margaret's mind spiraled.

If these hands held her waist... if those lips kissed her...

The thought alone sent heat rushing through her entire body.

"I... I'm Margaret. The Stewart Group's daughter," she stammered.

Fraser shot her a glance, his eyes filled with disinterest.

"This is the Stewart family's daughter?"

What a joke.

Tacky. Ordinary. Boring.

Margaret nodded eagerly. "That's me! The only daughter of the Stewart family!" Fraser let out a cold chuckle. "Play the role of a counterfeit long enough, and you start believing it yourself."

Margaret's face stiffened in embarrassment. She quickly tried to explain.

"Mr. Graham, it's not what you think! It's true that I don't share blood ties with the Stewarts, but I was raised by them for twenty years. My upbringing, my values- everything about me is the Stewart family."

Fraser didn't care.

He had little patience for people he wasn't interested in.

Had he known this was the Stewart daughter requesting a meeting, he never would have let her up.

"Why are you here?" His tone was sharp, dismissive. "Say your piece and leave."

21:47 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 20 Pudding, Your Mom Has No Heart

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Finished

She thought Fraser's disdain was because she wasn't a real Stewart. And once again, resentment surged

inside her.

If Summer had never come back three years ago, no one would have called her a fake.

But she quickly pushed those thoughts aside and refocused on her real goal.

"Mr. Graham, the Stewart Group has a Global Project that needs additional investment. I was hoping to secure backing from the Graham Group."

Fraser leaned back in his chair, arms crossed, utterly nonchalant.

"And why would I invest?"

Margaret was prepared for this.

She might not work at the Stewart Group, but she had eyes and ears everywhere.

She pulled a document from her bag and placed it on his desk.

This was the investment proposal that Summer had prepared-the one Margaret had someone steal from her office.

The details were thorough. Even Margaret had to admit the project seemed promising. Otherwise, she wouldn't have lowered herself to using Summer's work.

"Mr. Graham, this is the full proposal. The Stewart Group has been preparing for this project for two years. The expected return rate is thirty-five percent. I know the Graham Group invests in high-potential ventures -this one won't disappoint you."

Fraser took the document, casually flipping through a few pages.

It was indeed a solid proposal-clear, well-structured, and highly profitable.

But his mind drifted elsewhere.

If the Stewart Group is in need of funding, why hasn't Summer come to me?

Had she gone to Trevor instead?

Annoyance flickered in his chest.

His expression darkened. He tossed the document onto his desk.

"You think just because the Graham Group invests in good projects, I should throw money at anything with a high return rate? Ms. Stewart, are you stupid? Have you considered that I only invest when I feel like it?"

Margaret was completely caught off guard.

She opened her mouth but had no idea how to respond.

Fraser was already done with her.



"I have a meeting. Someone, show her out."

Margaret panicked. She had finally secured this meeting-she couldn't let it end like this.

21:48 Wed, 12 Mar NNN.

Chapter 20 Pudding, Your Mom Has No Heart

She quickly blurted out, "Mr. Graham! If you're not interested in business, then

let's not talk about investments. I've always admired you-why don't we have dinner instead?"

Fraser smirked, full of disdain.

53%

Finished

"There are people lined up from Havenbrook to overseas just waiting to have dinner with me. What rank are you?"

At that moment, Xylia rushed in, grabbed Margaret's arm, and subtly signaled for her to leave.

"Let's go," she whispered.

Margaret hesitated, stealing one last glance at Fraser's tall, broad-shouldered figure.

Reluctantly, she turned and left.

Once the door shut, Fraser pulled out a cigarette, rolling it between his fingers before finally lighting it.

He took a deep drag, but even the sharp burn of nicotine didn't ease the irritation in his chest.

Halfway through, he crushed the cigarette into the ashtray, unfinished.

Standing abruptly, he grabbed his jacket and strode out of his office.

On his way out, he crossed paths with Xylia, who had just returned from sending Margaret off.

Xylia straightened immediately, lowering her gaze. "Mr. Graham."

Fraser halted, his tone lazy yet sharp.

"This is the Stewart family daughter you mentioned?"

Xylia blinked.

Wait... was there another Ms. Stewart?

"Y-Yes, sir. Margaret is the Stewart family's daughter..."

Fraser scoffed. "I don't like working with idiots. Ada, retrain Xylia before she resumes her duties."

With that, he strode off toward his private elevator.

Ada, standing nearby, nodded. "Understood."

Xylia wanted to cry.

Ada sighed. Looks like Mr. Graham really hates the Stewart family.

She picked up the phone and made a call to the front desk.

"From now on, if any Ms. Stewart from the Stewart Group comes to see Mr. Graham-reject them outright."

Fraser drove back to Skycrest Villa.

The moment he stepped into the garden, a giant fluffy Samoyed came bounding toward him.

Chapter 20 Pudding, Your Mom Has No Heart

He reached out, catching the massive white ball of fur in his arms.

"You still think you're a puppy, huh?" he muttered, cradling it with a hint of exasperation.

The Samoyed barked in protest, as if offended by the accusation.

Fraser chuckled, ruffling its head before setting it down.

Taking a brush from the dog sitter, he dismissed them with a wave.

Skycrest Villa staff all knew that Fraser doted on this dog beyond reason.

Finished.

Despite just being a dog sitter, Hailey was at the top of the staff hierarchy simply because she took care of Pudding.

The vast estate was bathed in golden sunlight.

A winding stone path led through the lush greenery to a crystal-blue swimming pool.

In the center of the garden, a strikingly handsome man knelt beside a fluffy white Samoyed, brushing its fur.

Pudding, usually full of energy, sat obediently at Fraser's feet today.

As if sensing his bad mood, it didn't roll around or play-it simply licked his hand occasionally, offering quiet comfort.

Fraser absentmindedly combed its fur.

"Pudding, your mom has no heart."

He scoffed. "She broke her childhood promise, found herself another man... If she sees you, will she even recognize you?"

He paused, then laughed at himself.

"No, she didn't even recognize me. Why would she recognize you?"

Fraser gave Pudding a once-over and sighed.

"You've gotten fat. You used to be this tiny, scrappy little thing. Now you're built like a damn lion. If I was hoping you'd remind Summer of the past, I guess that's a lost cause."

Pudding barked in protest.

Meanwhile, Summer suddenly sneezed.

"Who's talking bad about me?"

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